

1924

THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



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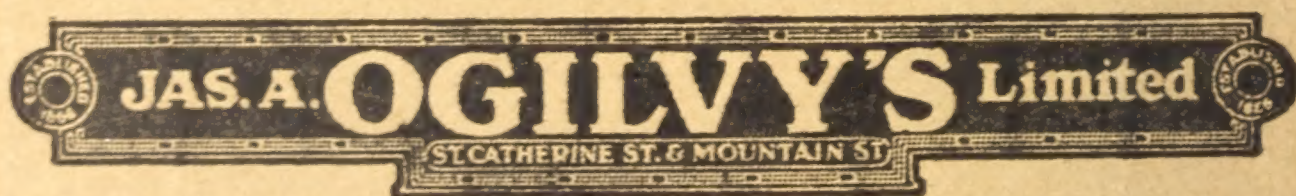
We place the entire resources of our Store at the disposal of the pupils of the Study School, and are confident of filling their needs to their entire satisfaction.

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The Study Chronicle

JUNE 1924-25

*"Alle is buxumnesse there and bokes for to rede and to lerne,
And grete love and lykinge for eche of hem loveth other.*

—Piers Plowman B. X. 303 and 305

STAFF, 1924-25

HEAD MISTRESS

Miss Gascoigne, (*Classics*)

SENIOR MISTRESS

Miss Seath, (*Drawing*)

Mademoiselle Boucher, (*French*)

Miss Blanchard, (*Form III-A*)

Miss Bruce, (*Form I-A and B.*), (*Arithmetic Upper School*)

Miss Cam, (*Mathematics and Physics*)

Miss Cooke (*Form II-B*)

Miss Deck, (*Form II-A*), (*History Upper School*)

Miss Edwards, (*Drill*)

Miss Gladding (*Form III-C*), (*History and English Upper School*)

Miss Goodwin, (*Music*)

Miss Huntley, (*French*)

Miss Meggitt (*Form I-C*)

Miss Shand (*Form III-B*), (*Geography Upper School*)

COUNCIL, 1924-25

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DR. H. P. WRIGHT



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The Study

Roll Call 1924-25

UPPER SCHOOL

MUGAMMA

BERYS GILMOUR, *Head Girl*
MARGARET PECK, (*Prefect*)
BETTY DODD, (*Prefect*)
ISABEL BARCLAY, (*Prefect*)
DOROTHY BLAIR
PATRICIA BUDDEN

KATHLEEN BOVEY
ELIZABETH BRICE
HARRIET CRAIG
ISABEL CROOKER
MARY GILMOUR
ANNE HYDE

NANCY HART
NANCY JOHNSON
BETTY KEMP
ALVERDA MACNUTT
CHARLOTTE MACFARLANE
MARION PATTERSON

KAPPARHO

MARJORIE STEVENSON, *Head Girl*
JANE LEGGAT, (*Prefect*)
NEVILLE BIRCHALL, (*Prefect*)
JEAN TATLEY
NANCY BOGERT
BENEDICTA CAVERHILL

CLARE DAVIS
STELLA FROSST
SHEILA MATHEWSON
HONOR MATHEWSON
PHOEBE NOBBS
DOROTHY OSBORNE

MARY RIORDON
WINIFRED SKELTON
CHARLOTTE STAIRS
AILEEN STAIRS
OLIVE THORNTON
MARGARET TOOKE

MIDDLE SCHOOL A

III-A

NANCY HALE, (*Form Prefect*)
RUTH CRANDALL
MOLLIE CROMBIE
ELOISE FAIRIE

FRANCES GAULT
AUDREY LYMAN
MARION LINEAWEAVER
WILLA MAGEE

MARGARET MACDOUGALL
HELEN O'GRADY
HOPE RICHARDSON
MARGARET SWEZEY

III-B

DOROTHY COWARD, (*Form Prefect*)
PAMELA BIRCHALL
DIANA DRURY
PHYLLIS DANIELS

CAROL DETTIMERS
BETTY HART
ISABEL HOGG
THERESSA JUNIUS

SHEILA MACFARLANE
BETTY OGILVIE
JOYCE PYKE
DEANE RICHARDSON
CALLY SCOTT

MIDDLE SCHOOL B

III-C

MARY BAILLIE, (*Form Prefect*)
ANNE ARMSTRONG
CELIA CANTLIE
JEAN CRAIG
DIANA GRIER

CELESTE GLASS
ANNE LEE JUNIUS
BARBARA KEMP
FRANCES LINEAWEAVER
FRANCES MEIGHEN

AUDREY MONK
JOY MCGIBBON
PHYLLIS RODEN
BARBARA SCHOFIELD
NAOMI SKELTON

II-A

EVELYN CANTLIE, (*Form Prefect*)
MARJORIE COOKE
ALISON CORISTINE
BARBARA COUCH
LOUISE DE CLERVAL
ANNE FYSHE

SHIRLEY GOODALL
ESTHER HALE
ADRIENNE HANSON
BETTY KNOX
MONICA LYMAN
DAPHNE MONTEFIORE

ELIZABETH PECK
ADELE ROOT
LILIAS SAVAGE
CICELY SKELTON
BETTY WARDEN
PEGGY WILKINSON
ISABEL WONHAM

LOWER SCHOOL A

II-B

PHYLLIS ELDER, (*Form Prefect*)
CATHERINE JUDAH
NORA MAGEE
MARTHA MACDOUGALL
ELIZABETH MCDUGALL

ANNE MACDONNELL
JOAN PATCH
ELEANOR PECK
VIRGINIA SARE

NADINE SHIRES
ELEANOR SWEZEY
HILDA SHAW
MERCY WALKER
JOANNA WRIGHT

I-A

HELEN SCOTT, (*Form Prefect*)
MARJORIE ALLEN
THEODOSIA BOND
ANNE COGLIN
ELIZABETH DRUMMOND

BETTY GALT
MARY HAMPSON
EVELYN JOHNSTON
KATHERINE KNOX
MARY LYMAN
MARGARET MACDONALD

KATHERINE MACDONALD
ELIZABETH McDONALD
MARGARET PATCH
ANDREA PECK
MARIOTA SPIELMAN

LOWER SCHOOL B

I-B

ANNIE LOUISE NELLES, (*Form Prefect*)
MARION CARTER

MARGARET FRAYN
PATRICIA HALE
JANET HUTCHISON

PEGGY SAUNDERS
NANCY TOLMIE
BETTY WILSON

I-C

FRANCES SISE, (*Form Prefect*)
MARCIA DRUMMOND

BARBARA HAMPSON
JOAN JOHNSON
VIVA JOHNSTON

MOLLIE MCCUAIG
DAPHNE SARE

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Chairman, M. PECK

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B. Gilmour, J. Leggat, S. Mathewson, P. Nobbs, A. Stairs, M. Stevenson.

The magazine committee want to thank all those who have sent in contributions and are also grateful to Dorothy Benson and Joan Eve, two of our old girls, for writing the Guide and Brownie reports.

Notice of the bazaar, to be held on June 6th., will be found in the gym report and all mothers, fathers and any relations whatsoever are earnestly requested to attend.

The cover design for the magazine is by Aileen Stairs and the picture of the Study Beehive by Phoebe Nobbs. It is a well-known fact that in the Hive there is not one drone, and that the workers enjoy seeking the honey of knowledge.

We are all very grateful to Mr. Macnutt who has arranged for us to have a series of interesting and instructive moving pictures every month, the subjects of which are chosen by the Staff.

We have just heard of Mademoiselle Boucher's engagement and extend to her our heartiest congratulations. The School will be glad to hear that she will continue to teach us after her marriage. We must also congratulate Miss Scath on the news that her picture has been accepted for the Wembley exhibition which we consider a very great honour for our school.

LETTER

My Dear Children:—

The Editor has asked me to write you a letter in which she would like me to give an account of all that has happened at school since the last number of the magazine was published seven years ago.

But I should like to go back to the very beginning and give a little history of the first ten years of the school. For next September we shall be able to say that The Study is ten years old.

One morning in September 1915 six children came to school for the first time together in a room at 144 Drummond Street, which is just opposite the Y.M.C.A. building. The names of the children were—Nancy Reid, Jane Howard, Margaret Hyde, Ellen Stansfield, Margaret Peck, Dick Eve. We had a very cheerful room for our schoolroom: there were two large windows, with blue homespun curtains, the carpet was blue and all the coverings were also light blue to match. There were six little folding tables, which are still used by the First Form. Every morning the children used to come very early—often I was still at breakfast in the Dining Room of the Boarding House when they arrived. They would come in to say Good Morning and then run upstairs to get the room ready for school: the tables and chairs were placed in two rows, and the books arranged neatly on the tables. When all was ready one girl or boy would come down to fetch me.

The little children's lessons ended at 11, and then six big girls came to have lessons in History, English and Latin. Among these girls was Peggy Duggan, who used to say that she felt sure that we should grow into a big school some day and that she hoped she would be counted as one of the first girls. She brought honour to the school the next June, when she came out at the head of the McGill Matriculation list.

In the Term after Christmas Mademoiselle Boucher came to help me by teaching the little girls French while I had the big girls. On June 1st, 1916, we moved into a nice little apartment in Durocher Street, which I thought was just the right size for the two classes. But during the summer holidays there were so many applications for the next year that we had to move into a larger Apartment in the same building. There we stayed for the next two Terms, and there we had three classes—one for big girls preparing for Matriculation and two for younger

children. Mademoiselle Boucher came for the whole morning, and the older girls used to go to McGill for their Mathematics and Physics. After Christmas some of the parents advised me to look for a house that would be better fitted for a school. We looked at several and at last decided that the most suitable was the one next to the Grosvenor Apartments, 758 Sherbrooke Street. On April 5th., 1917, we broke up for the Easter holidays and on the same day moved into the new house, where we started the Summer Term with about twenty-two girls. Among the new girls were Dorothy Benson and Margaret Molson.

In September 1917 we opened school with fifty-six girls, and Mademoiselle Boucher and I were joined by Miss Seath, Miss Helen Willis, Miss Dodwell (now Mrs. Charlton) and Miss Cameron (Mrs. Roland). The first number of the Study Chronicle will give you the history of that year 1917 to 1918. Although there were so many new Staff and children, yet by Christmas we had become a real school with a true school spirit. Margaret Gordon and Elizabeth MacArthur came in September, 1917, and Kathleen Rosamund in September, 1918, and to these three girls the school owes more than I can say for the high standard they set as older girls. Margaret Gordon became Head Girl in September 1918 and stayed for two years longer. In 1919 she was succeeded by Kathleen Rosamund, who had with her as Prefects and members of the Sixth Form: Margaret Stairs, Gerda Parsons, Dolly Davidson, Rita Hutchison, Jean Frosst and Beatrice Lyman, a splendid set of girls who carried on the old traditions and when we moved into our present building, in January 1921, helped me to start our system of self-government.

In September 1921 Beatrice Lyman became Head Girl—she too brought honour to the school in the Matriculation examination of 1922. Her place was taken in September by Dorothy Benson, who still is a very active member of the community as Captain Benson of the Guides.

Ellen Stansfield became Head Girl in September 1923 and matriculated last June. She was the first girl to have been through the school from the First Form to the Sixth—and is one of the two girls of the original six children who started in 1915 and remained to the end. Margaret Peck is still at school and is now a School Prefect.

During this year we have had two Head Girls, Berys Gilmour and Marjorie Stevenson, who have both carried on the old traditions and, at the same time, have very successfully inaugurated the new division of the school into the two Houses--Mu Gamma and Kappa Rho, named in remembrance of Margaret Gordon and Kathleen Rosamund.

When we came to this house in January, 1921, the late Mr. S. H. Ewing gave me a lease for a short term of years with the option of buying if we found the house suitable for the purpose of a school. After we had been here for about a year I decided that we could not have found a house better suited for our purpose. So I made an appeal for help in obtaining the necessary funds. A most generous response was made by several of the parents and friends of the school, and after several preliminary meetings a Board of Trustees was formed to help me. Major McDonald, Colonel Leggat and Mr. Macnutt acted as Trustees at first and afterwards a regular Board of Governors was appointed. We purchased the house in the autumn of 1922 and Mr. Ewing gave us very generous terms. We should always remember him with gratitude as a friend of the school. He took a very personal interest in all that we did to improve the building and he always told me how glad he was to think that the house which he had himself built nearly sixty years ago and in which he had lived so long should be used as a school in which future generations of Canadians would be trained to become good citizens.

We also owe the very greatest debt of gratitude to all our Governors for the time and thought they have given to the school. I should specially like to thank Mrs. Peck and Major McDonald, who were the retiring Governors last year. Colonel Stairs drafted a bill which was passed by the Quebec Legislature in 1922, by which The Study was incorporated as a School with a proper Constitution and with powers which will allow us to develop still further in the future. The years 1922-4 were most important ones for the future of the school: now we are well started, and I hope every year will see us more firmly established. I think that this present year has seen a great advance in many ways: I am sure that the standard of the work has improved very much.

I hope that before many years have passed we shall have our Hall-Gymnasium, with some new Classrooms over it. But meanwhile I do want you all to feel with me that what really makes the school is not the buildings, but that it is the girls themselves. And the way in which you can all help best of all in establishing the school is by working well, and by learning to be good and useful and unselfish people—and that is what I am sure you are all trying to do. We still have the Summer Term before us and the Bazaar and the end of Term festivities. I hope they will all be a great success and that we shall go away for the holidays full of hope for the future.

I know you will want me to thank in your name the present Governors of the School and also our splendid Staff, who make all our school life so interesting. We are indeed lucky to have so many good people to help us.

Your loving,

M. GASCOIGNE.

THE SCHOOL EMBLEM

As you all know the Trillium, or Trinity Flower as it is sometimes called, is our school emblem. This flower was chosen for our emblem for two reasons; principally of course because it is a Canadian flower, but also on account of the beautiful legend which is attached to it.

Long years ago, so the legend says, there lived far away in the mountains an old hermit, who was very fond of flowers. In his garden, besides the many kinds of plants and healing herbs, there grew two crab apple trees from whose fruit the hermit used to make a cure for the sick. For two successive years, however, the apples were stolen and though he searched throughout the countryside he could not find the thief. Sorely troubled by the theft of his fruit, for he could no longer make his healing remedy, he returned to his hut on the mountain side.

A short time after this a plague broke out in the village, and one day as the hermit was going about administering to the stricken people he came to a house where a boy lay dying. The hermit gave the boy some of his precious medicine and in time he recovered. Now this boy was the apple thief and when he was well again and found out who his benefactor was, in order to make up for the wrong he had done, he resolved to help the hermit to take care of his garden.

As the years went by the hermit became blind and the work of the garden fell gradually more and more into the hands of the boy. He planted the flowers and weeded the garden and often roamed far away over the hills in quest of new plants and herbs. One day when he returned home the hermit told him that he had had a wonderful vision. "I dreamed," he said, "and I thought I was standing in this garden, when a pilgrim came up to me and put a flower into my hand, and immediately my sight was restored." And when the boy asked him what the flower was like he replied, "It was as white as driven snow, and it had three petals, three sepals and three rich green leaves."

High and low the boy searched for the flower but it was in vain, nowhere, not even in the most secret recesses of the mountain valleys, where many strange things grew, could he find it. But it chanced that one autumn morning while he was working in the garden, a man dressed in pilgrim's weeds ascended the rugged mountain path and put the root of a flower into his hand. "It is the root of the Trinity Flower," he said, "when it blooms thy master's sight shall be restored," and vanished whence he had come. But the boy stood transfixed with mingled feelings of fear and joy, for the face of the man was that of the Angel of Death.

The boy planted the root and soon the snow came and covered the ground with a white mantle and all things withered and died: but the Trinity Flower down in the warm depths of the earth took root and in the early spring it grew. One night the boy found that the bud was ready to burst and he told the hermit, now old and infirm, that on the morrow he should see at last. Very early the next morning the boy came and picked the flower, which had burst into bloom during the night, and, as the hermit had said, its petals were three in number and as

white as snow. Quietly he entered the hut and laid the flower on the couch by the hermit's sleeping form and went out into the garden to wait. Presently the hut door opened and the hermit, his face transfigured by a wonderful light, walked slowly down the garden path, and as he passed the boy he said "I see now" and on reaching the gate he disappeared. All day long the boy waited for him but he never returned and when the sun set behind the ridge of the purple hills he got up and went into the hut. Without all was happiness and joy; spring had come and the world had awakened from her long winter's sleep but on the couch within, the hermit's dead body lay cold and still, the Trinity Flower clasped in his hand.

ISABEL BARCLAY, Age 15, *Mu Gamma*.

DRAWING REPORT

At the beginning of the Christmas Term 1924 our work was mainly spectrum or colour charts. Later on Miss Seath gave us a few pictures by famous artist, we copied and described them and then wrote a short account of the artist's life. The pictures were: My Mother, by Whistler; The Infanta Maria of Spain and the Maid of Honour by Velasquez; and a series of mural paintings by Puvis de Chavannes, on Pastoral, Dramatic and Epic poetry, History, Chemistry and Electricity. We did designs for a panel for the school door, and are now doing designs for rugs and stained glass windows. In November Miss Seath started a class to go to the Art Gallery Museum and copy wood-carving, etc. This term we have a modelling class at school every Friday afternoon.

AILEEN STAIRS, age 13, *Kappa Rho*.

MUSIC REPORT

Music this year has been most delightful and I am sure everyone enjoyed the gramophone concerts Miss Gascoigne so kindly gave us. During the Christmas Term much of the beautiful music played for us suffered because of the gramophone, but last term Miss Gascoigne bought a new one and some more records. One of them, "Till Owlsfeather", tells the story of a naughty boy who came to a very sad end. This record was a general favourite and Miss Gascoigne has promised to play it again for us.

This year the Upper School learnt some very attractive songs, among which were, "Sir Eglamore" an old Ballad arranged by Graham Balfour and a very fine setting of Blake's well-known poem "Jerusalem" by Parry and "Balulalow" by Peter Warlock. Every one liked these, even those who attempted to study while the singing class bravely tried—for the first time—to combine the soprano and alto parts into a harmonious whole. That we finally did so was due to the patience of Miss Goodwin, who cheerfully went over and over the harder parts with us. At some of our lessons Miss Goodwin gave us notes on the History of Music and the lives of the great composers. Last term we had some new song books the Concord Singing Books. They contain selections from the works of all the great masters. "It Was a Lover and His Lass" by Thomas Morley, "Guardian Angel" by Cesar Franck, the Volga Boat Song and "Pluck ye roses while ye may" by Robert Schumann. We have also been practising a round, "Sumer is acumen in "which is going to be sung by the Guides of the Honour Flag Team.

ANNE HYDE, Age 15, *Mu Gamma*.

BROWNIES

(By Dinah, Miss Gascoigne's black cocker spaniel.)

It was Monday afternoon, very snowy and cold, and I was looking forward to a warm quiet time in front of the fire.

Bang!! Bang! A clatter of feet in the hall. What ever could it be? Poking open the door I looked out and saw five or six little brown figures scampering about the hall. Soon more joined them, and then a big one in blue. I knew that was a Guide because we have a lot of them here on Tuesdays. I watched them for a long time and they did a lot of most extraordinary things.

At one time I saw them hopping up the hall like little frogs—the platform seemed to be magic because as soon as they touched it they got up and ran back. I heard the littlest one say that it was a relay race. Just then I got a dreadful fright because from one corner of the room they carried a Brownie with her knee all bandaged up. I was just dashing off to tell Miss Gascoigne when the Brownie jumped up quite all right—they were practling bandaging. Another thing that amazed me was to see them with a piece of string, it was nearly as bad as watching a kitten and a ball of wool—that's knot-tying they say. Suddenly they all squatted down in a big ring and rose up slowly howling. With a tremendous shriek they jumped in the air and clapped their hands—with my tail between my legs I fled back to the fire.

Brownies seem very jolly and happy but they *are* noisy.

JOAN EVE, Old Girl, left 1922.

8TH MONTREAL COMPANY OF GIRL GUIDES 1923-24

Last winter the 8th Company up to the middle of January was under the command of the Patrol Leaders owing to the absence of their new captain, Dorothy Benson.

On December 8th, under the leadership of the Patrol Leaders the Company gave a bazaar which netted a profit of \$327.00. Part of this sum was donated to the Girl Guide Camp fund and with the balance they endowed a cost at the Children's Memorial Hospital for one year.

Later in the winter the Rally team, under the leadership of P. L. Ellen Stansfield and composed of P.L. Betty Dodd, P.L. Neville Birchall, P.L. Isabel Barclay, P. L. Hildred Clarke, P.L. Phoebe Nobbs, P. 2nd. Patricia Budden, P. 2nd. Charlotte Stairs, formerly of the 4th Company, and Guide Jane Leggatt, also formerly of the 4th Company, won the Honour Flag. This Flag was presented at the Annual Rally on April 12th. by the District Commissioner, Mrs. George Duncan, who to our deep sorrow was afterwards obliged to give up her useful work in Canada and return to Scotland.

On May 18th. the Company attended the Annual Church Parade of the Guides of Montreal and District. An impressive service was held at Christ Church Cathedral after which the salute was taken opposite the Ritz Carlton Hotel by the Divisional Commissioner, Mrs. Herbert Marler, and the two District Commissioners. The parade was then marched to Redpath Street where they were dismissed.

On June 10th. the Company took part in the Guide Sports which were held on Mount Royal.

At the close of the term we were all very sorry to say good-bye to the senior Patrol Leader, Ellen Stansfield, and several other members of the Company who were leaving.

This summer the Guide Camp was again held at St. Andrew East and eight of our girls attended.

This winter we have a complement of thirty-seven Guides, eight being recruits of whom three came up from the Brownies.

DOROTHY BENSON, *Captain*, Left 1922

BASKET BALL CLUB, 1924-25

The Basket Ball Club this year has been much more successful than at first expected on account of the splendid co-operation of its members. The playing of the whole Club has improved noticeably during the last few months, making it very difficult to choose a Team. We have played four matches and are expecting to play more soon.

November 20th	Kappa Rho vs Mu Gamma	Score 20-14 (Kappa Rho leading)
March 3rd.	Past Studyites vs Present	Score 20-6 (Present leading)
March 5th.	Miss Edward's Old Girls vs Study	Score 30-21 (Study leading)
March 12th.	Return Match	Score 34-24 (Old Girls leading)

The Team for this year is:—

Guards	{ Jane Leggat	Captain	from Kappa Rho
	{ Berys Gilmour	Vice-Captain	" Mu Gamma
Centres	{ Isabel Barclay	Convener	" Mu Gamma
	{ Marjorie Stevenson		" Kappa Rho
Shots	{ Anne Hyde		" Mu Gamma
	{ Phoebe Nobbs		" Kappa Rho
	{ Betty Dodd	Secretary	" Mu Gamma
Spares	{ Neville Birchall	Treasurer	" Kappa Rho
	{ Charlotte Stairs		" Kappa Rho

The one cloud in our year was the fact that Marjorie Stevenson was unable to continue attending practices and although she still plays on our team had to resign her Captaincy. I am sure the school extends its heartiest thanks to her for the splendid work she has done for the Club. We would also like to thank Miss Edwards for the excellent coaching she has given us during the year, without which we should not be what we are.

The Club is always very glad to have new members from III-A upward. The practice day is Thursday afternoon at 2.45 p.m. at the Westmount Y.M.C.A. The fees are \$1.00 on entrance and 25c for year's renewal.

JANE LEGGAT, (*Captain*), Kappa Rho.

GYM REPORT AND BAZAAR

At the beginning of each term officers were elected for each Form and House. During the Summer Term there will be another election for the officers who will command in the final competition. This selection will be made from the former Captains and Lieutenants. Competitions have been held at intervals during the Christmas and Easter Terms. These were sometimes between houses or several Forms and sometimes between the whole school. Miss Edwards has given us many new and interesting exercises which we would all enjoy and perform better if we had our gymnasium. We need it not only for this purpose, but for Basket Ball, Guides and Plays, as our Assembly Hall is not nearly large enough.

There is to be a bazaar held on Saturday, June 6th., in order to raise funds for the building of the gym. Miss Bruce is very kindly taking the trouble to get up the bazaar and we are all very grateful to her. The Firsts, Seconds, Thirds, Mugamma and Kappa Rho are each to have a stall. The whole school is already preparing for it and there is going to be great competition between the booths. The "Old Girls" are very kindly helping us with side-shows, etc. We hope all who are interested will help to make it a success.

PHOEBE NOBBS, Age 15, Kappa Rho.

LIBRARY REPORT

At the first meeting of the School Parliament, Jane Leggat was elected head of the Library Committee. She chose as her committee, Neville Birchall, Margaret Peck, Isabel Barclay and Charlotte Stairs. Miss Gladding has very kindly given up a great deal of her time to help us straighten out the Library which was not in very good order at the beginning of the year. This was greatly appreciated by the committee. After the Christmas Holidays we recatalogued the Library and arranged it alphabetically in authors which is a great improvement. Miss Gascoigne gave us some very nice new books a little while ago which was very kind of her, and if any girl would like to bring some they will be greatly appreciated. Especially books by these authors, Scott, Mark Twain, Mrs. Gaskell and also reference books and modern authors. We are going to start a Library Fund and we hope all the girls will try to bring contributions. (It does not matter how small they are). Then we will be able to gradually improve the Library by adding new books every little while.

CHARLOTTE STAIRS, Age 14, Kappa Rho.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

MARGARET AYLMER, our first Head Girl, is now Mrs. Donald Macfarlane and is living at Abitibi. She is expecting to come to Montreal in April or May.

PEGGY DUGGAN (Mrs. Knatchbull-Huggesson), has now two boys and lives on Cote des Neiges Road.

OSLA CAINS is now Mrs. Richard Dawes, and lives very near to school, on Seaforth Avenue.

GRACE SHEARWOOD who is a Mus. Bac. of McGill is doing Social Service work, but she has not given up her music, and gave us great pleasure by her playing at the Old Girls' party a few weeks ago.

EDITH BLACK (Mrs. Benning) is living with her little girl in London, England.

BRUNEHILDE MORPHY (Mrs. Dunton) has also a little girl, who we hope will be ready for school in another six years.

MARGARET BLACK has been studying music in London since she left school: she spent several months at home this winter, but has returned to England again.

MARGARET GORDON is at present at her father's home in Vancouver. She came to school several times in the autumn, and we hope that she will be coming back to Montreal very soon.

ELIZABETH MACARTHUR is at Simmon's College, Boston, studying all kinds of useful arts. She was elected President of her Class last year, this year is Class Representative on the Student Government Council.

KATHLEEN ROSAMOND is living at home at Almonte, but we have had several visits from her this winter. She is a very energetic President of the Old Girls' Association. She is sailing for England next week, and expects to be away until the middle of the summer. She has promised to come back to school as Secretary next year, which is very good news.

MARGARET STAIRS is going over to England with Kathleen. We have seen a good deal of her this winter—she is Treasurer of the Old Girls' Association.

GERDA PARSONS has been spending the winter in New Brunswick.

JEAN FROSST has been living at home with her parents since her return from College in New York.

JESSIE SMITH and MARGARET MOLSON are also living at home and often come in to school.

BEATRICE LYMAN is in her second year at McGill where she is reading for Honours and JOAN EVE after her year in England is in the First Year at McGill. JOAN comes to school every week—she is a very popular Tanny Owl of the Brownie Pack.

At the party of the Old Girls' Association we had to congratulate several old girls on their engagement—among them were RITA HUTCHISON, DOLLY DAVIDSON and MARION CRAWFORD. ANNA COWANS and THORA CLERK are also to be married very soon.

There is no need to give news of DOROTHY BENSON, Captain of Guides, who comes to school at least once a week.

MARION DALE is studying at the Beaux Arts and ANNA is continuing her musical studies at the McGill Conservatorium.

GERTRUDE DICK is at home after her year in Paris. She is doing some teaching.

ISABEL LAMPLOUGH is doing Secretarial work and is not neglecting her English studies, and ETHEL is working hard for Mus. Bac. at the McGill Conservatorium.

CONSTANCE DAWES has again gone for a trip abroad—the TWINS are still at Compton and so are JEAN CASSILS, HILDRED CLARKE, ADELAIDE PEARSON and MURIEL JAMIESON.

PIERCEY PORTEOUS is back in Montreal this winter and is studying at the Beaux Arts.

The ANGUSES are now living in St. John. JEAN is taking a business course. ELEANOR is studying for matriculation.

NORAH ROSAMUND has left her English school and is spending the winter in Paris, studying Dramatics. She won a prize at the Oxford Poetry Contest some time ago. She expects to come home in the summer and we shall look forward to her spending the winter in Montreal.

FRANCES TATLEY is at Macdonald College taking the course in Housewifery.

MARGARET MACMURRICH is going to college in Toronto.

PEGGY FAIRMAN is at Boarding School in Whitby, Ontario.

We have very good news of ELLEN STANSFIELD who is doing very good work at her school in England. She will be at McGill next year.

GWYNETH WONHAM is at school in Switzerland. She is coming back at the beginning of the summer.

BARBARA PITCHER is at school at Headington, near Oxford.

We should very much like to hear news of TANNIS SOMERSET, who left us in 1919, and went to college in St. Andrews, Scotland.

THE TALE OF THE TWO SQUIRRELS

One day two squirrels went out into the woods to look for some nuts. They each found a big one. The good little squirrel took his homes and hid it for the winter, and the greedy one ate his all up. The winter came with the snow and there were no more nuts. The good squirrel had lots to eat. The greedy one and his family died because he was selfish.

MOLLY McCUAIG, 7 years, I-C.

HELEN'S DOGGIE

Once upon a time there was a little girl, she was seven years old and her name was Helen. Her father gave her a dog for her birthday. She loved the doggie very much. One day she took him for a walk and he ran away from her and no matter how she looked for him she could not find him. When her father came home he telephoned to the police station and they said that they had a number of little dogs there. So Helen and her father went down to the police station and, sure enough, he was there. So her father arranged matters and they took him home, and my! wasn't he glad to see Helen.

The family are going to give Helen a nice collar for her doggie, with his name "Fido" and his address printed on it. If he gets lost again whoever finds him will bring him home, so now all Helen's worries are over.

BETTY GALT, 8 years, I-A.

THE SONG OF THE TOBOGGAN

Here we go! Here we go!
Over the white and crispy snow,
I hope our steerer will steer us straight
Or else we will meet with a fearful fate
On and on here we sail,
Followed by Timothy, wagging his tail.
At last we come to our journey's stop
See how far it is to the top!
Up again we trudge once more,
Only to come down as before.

ANNE FYSHE, 9 years, II-A.

MY NURSE

I have a nurse,
She is so proud
She takes me by the hand
And pulls me through the crowd.

She is not one wee bit nice,
She always says: "I've told you twice".
But when I grow
Then she will go!

And I'll be with Mum
And have lots of fun,
And when I'm bold
Then she wont' scold.

BETTY KNOX, 11 years, II-A.

DRYOPE*

Dryope and Iole were sisters and Dryope was married and had a baby, Andræmon was her husband. One day both the sisters went for a walk by a river, Dryope had her baby close to her bosom. As they were going along they saw a bush full of purple flowers. Dryope went over and picked some for her child. As she was giving her child the flowers she saw blood dropping from the bush. Just as she was going to run away her feet came fast to the ground, then, as she was going to kiss her child, she found her hands had leaves on them, and her arms were long branches, and her feet turned into a great trunk of a tree. Just then Dryope's husband came along and saw the trunk of a tree and his wife's face, then he knew what had happened. Then Dryope said: "I will give you my child, but when he is old enough to talk teach him to call me Mother, although I am a tree, and tell him to be very careful what kinds of flowers he picks. Do not let anybody chop me down or chop my branches off for wood and put me in the fire." Then the bark came up over face and head and she could say no more.

AUDREY MONK, 9 years, III-C.

*This story was read to III-C and then written by the children.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

The Mother at the manger lowly,
Singing to her Baby holy,
Looks with tender loving grace
Upon His sweet angelic face.
Shepherds came to see the child
And to tell the Mother mild
What the angel host had said
When to the manger they were led.

JOY MCGIBBON, 10 years, III-C.

GOING TO THE THEATRE IN THE OLDEN DAYS

It was Anne's birthday, and for a great treat she was to go to a play in Southwark. Her short auburn ringlets were neatly brushed, and she was wearing her new yellow silk dress with a tight waist and a fluffy skirt. She stood in the hall and was putting on a warm, quilted silk bonnet and cape. Mrs. Thorne who was Anne's mother, came downstairs and with her sister, who was Anne's Aunt Mabel, got into the carriage. "Hurry, Anne," called Mrs. Thorne, "The play starts at three o'clock." Anne buttoned her blue cloak and jumped in beside her mother. The little black horses trotted off, down the sun dried road towards Southwark.

After a very long time, as it seemed to Anne, they came to the outskirts of London. They could see the flag flying on the top of the Globe Theatre as the carriage rattled along the cobbled streets. Then the coachman pulled up and Anne's father and brother, who had been riding horseback all the way, dismounted. They bought some beer, bread and cheese at a small shop and then the little party started on-again. They had to go across the Thames which was blue and clear with swans swimming on the surface. Anne thought this was very pretty, but she shuddered and hid her eyes in her mother's lap when she saw the heads of some poor unfortunate people on pikes outside the tower. Houses were built on each side of the bridge and Anne thought they would knock together, they leaned inwards so much.

At last the carriage stopped on Maiden Lane and they all got out at the Globe Theatre, which was surrounded by little knots of people talking and laughing. Mr. Thorne paid a penny to enter and they found themselves in a hollow circular place called the pit. Here Anne looked at the people. They wore mostly parti-coloured garments, some were common and a few refined. The pit was not a very nice place so Mr. Thorne paid another penny and they went up to the gallery. By the time they were settled with cushions and stools they had spent about twenty-four shillings. Mr. Thorne told them that the Globe was first built in 1593. It was six-sided and was ninety feet around with two doors. The rood was partly open and partly thatched. The stage was about twenty or thirty feet from the floor, and was about twenty feet wide. Some people sat on the edge. It was only two o'clock and there was an hour to wait so Anne and her brother ate their lunch and looked at the people around them. Anne thought one lady very beautiful. Her hair was dyed red like the Queen's and she was very painted. A dandy came strutting past with jingling sword, white feathers, and pink rosettes at his knees. He had tight fitting clothes and Spanish leather boots while a page in black velvet walked behind him. There was a great variety of clothing. Some people played cards and the pit looked like a sea of heads. The play was to be "As You Like It" and the stage was hung with blue. There would have been black curtains had the play been a tragedy. There were about a thousand people in the theatre and they were almost all happy. The furniture was costly and Anne was very comfortable in her cushions. All of a sudden the talking ceased. The play was about to begin! It was lovely, and Anne was whispering and sitting with all attention by turns.

When they arrived home late that night she said it was the happiest birthday she had ever spent.

MARION LINEAWEAVER, 13 years, III-A.

THE UPPER SCHOOL ALPHABET

- A is for Anne, from Mugamma she hies,
- B is for Berys, our head and our prize.
- C is for Char who's as good as can be,
- D is for Dorothy the opposite is she.
- E is for Elizabeth a very good reader,
- F is for Frère, our friend and our leader.
- G is for Gilmour an artist of skill.
- H is for Honor who works with a will.
- I is for Isabel of whom we've got three,
- J is for Jane who is not at all wee.
- K is for K.B. of mischievous mind,

L is for Libby who loves to be kind.
 M is for Mary who jumped three feet nine.
 N is for Nancy whose acting's just fine.
 O is for Olive of long golden curls,
 P is for Patty the brightest of girls.
 Q is for no one who lives on our floor,
 R is for Rules that are broken galore.
 S is for Sheila of Zuluish hair,
 T is for Trying our burdens to bear.
 U is for U when you see our new gym,
 V is for V.E.K. who loves singing a hymn.
 W is for Wonders we do in our work,
 X is for Xtra bad marks when we shirk.
 Y is for Yearnings to miss the exam,
 Z is the Zero we get when we cram.

DOROTHY OSBORNE, 14 years, Kappa Rho.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

Daniels a Bonney boy. He is a good Walker and once he walked all through the Shires. Strolling along one day he met an extraordinary object, devoid of flesh, to which he said : "Hale, Skelton, I see that you come from the land of Judah." "You Lyman", it replied, "I am not that Sise, I am a Fairie." "I Cantlie", was the rejoinder. After boldly calling him a Coward he Tooke the Skelton by the Root of his hair and threw him down the Stairs. He landed on a Couch at the bottom. "Thanks, you have the Bright Hart, you put my Leggat ease," said he from the downy depths of the Couch.

Soon our hero comes to a village nestling on a mount called Caverhill; he Knox at a door and rings the bell which resounds with a Gladding. Being a Boy Scout he has great powers of observation, he notices that there is Gascoigne out of the chimney, also that the doors of the houses have no Nobbs. A blind Monk with a Patch over his Glass eye answered his ring. He found out that he was Warden of the church near by.

When he reached the town of Gault it was the beginning of Spring and the flowers which had been Budden were covered with Frosst. But a Barclay at anchor on the river Cam, and with Savage delight he stole a Hyde from a Carter passing by, sat down on the Deck of the ship, and began to Fyshe for Pyke (which he said he would afterwards Cooke with Pease). But, sad to relate, an acorn hunting Hogg came up and began to Peck at his Fyshe while he was not looking. So poor Daniels' dinner was spoilt and he threw himself over the Craig.

BERYS GILMOUR, 17 years, Mu Gamma.

KING LEAR

And as our thoughts fly to another sphere,
 Leaving behind, in dreamy slumber lulled,
 Their fragile casements bare, so that wild cloud
 Of sorrow gathered in thy scattering thoughts
 Of present grief, and flew away for ever,
 And never more returned, but left thee old,
 Uncared for, lone, grief-stricken and afraid,
 Cursing the blessed God that gave thee life,
 And calling down on those that thou had'st loved
 Lightning, and hell's dread fire, to fall, and kill.
 So Nature, who a wasted space abhors,
 Filled up thy heart with wild fantastic thoughts.
 Too late rememberest thou that one fair maid
 Thou castedst out, because she spake not love!
 Was that fair crying of thy first called love?
 O Lear! canst thou love now that flattered pride

That bade thee trust in these, and give them all?
Pride cometh first and then the fall of man.
This is the course Great Nature always holds.
For Nature holds her course though great men die,
Mourns not, and casts them off, and sighs no sigh.
We live, we die, we love, but she remains.

JANE LEGGAT, 15 years, Kappa Rho.

THE COMING OF WINTER

A wild wind sweeping swiftly overhead,
The herald of PeBoan the Winter King,
The ruler o'er the unknown freezing poles,
Lord of the frosts, and icicles and hail,
Of blinding snows and treacherous glaciers,
And black crevasses—those mysterious depths
Unfathomed yet by any mortal man:
Whose palace, like some fortress grim of old,
With battlements and jagged walls of ice
Reflects the great aurora's dancing lights—
Green, yellow, crimson, ever changing sheen,
The Winter King o'er the grey Arctic seas
Comes riding on the wrath-filled wings of storm,
Fettering with icy shackles his domain.
Then with deep sobbing sighs the numerous trees
Shivering cast their leaves of fairest gold,
Of bronze, and green, and red, and mottled fawn
Upon the grass and later Autumn flowers.
Thus slowly, softly, every leaflet falls
And turns to brown, and shrivels up and dies.
Then a low moaning wind drifts through the woods
Among the bare black branches, tall and straight
As sentinels against a paling sky
Where the faint Autumn sun sinks slow to rest.
So when the world is hushed in quiet sleep
The faerie snowflakes flutter down from heaven,
A pure bright mantle covering o'er the earth.
And as the eagle settles on her nest—
Upon a gaunt grey cliff which downward sheers
Into the hungry, tortured waves below—
And spreads her feathered pinions o'er her young,
So broods upon the snowy vales and hills
The great unbroken silence of the North.

MARGARET PECK, 16 years, Mu Gamma.

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